

The Bloomfield Citizen.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887.

The Case of Dr. McGlynn.

When Henry George ran for Mayor of New York City no one supported him more heartily than Father Edward McGlynn. That priest has been called "the most popular" of all his co-religionists with all classes of the metropolis. But when the election was over Archbishop Corrigan was found to have "inhibited" this popular pastor, and the Pope, moreover, had summoned him to Rome.

Dr. McGlynn bowed to the Archbishop's authority and closed his lips in his church. He is not reputed to have said or done anything which savors of disobedience, sullenness or change of religious belief. But, while he has not rebelled in New York he has certainly not gone to Rome to explain or defend himself before Pope Leo XIII. And in the first two numbers of *The Standard*, Mr. Henry George has espoused his cause with great warmth, and charged that Archbishop Corrigan, devoted to the tenets of Tammany Hall, has merely used Father McGlynn's political defection as a fulcrum for the lever of ecclesiastical tyranny.

The American Citizen thus beholds a sharp issue made in reference to personal and private rights when they conflict with a religious system. It is the System against the Man; it is the Priest as the antithesis of the Citizen.

Is this indeed true? Was Father McGlynn afraid—let us say—if fanaticism and its effect upon his life or liberty if he went to Rome? What is it he sees which we do not see? Why does he surrender to his Archbishop and oppose his Pope? Is Mr. George his chosen exponent and is Mr. George's friendship wise friendship? Does the priest fear to stand alone—one man poised against an organized power, whose will is capable of being uttered or energized through many a pliant unnoticed social filament? Has he refreshed his memory of historical events by aid of the lurid torchlight of Eugene Sue, or the analytic intellectual flame of Wilkie Collins? In a word are we to have Luther over again, or will Father McGlynn pick up his dusty gauntlet from the political arena and go back, broken-spirited from the lists? In the United States to-day what is the cause of this hesitation? Is there anything ahead which Edward McGlynn sees and which it may be worth our own while—whether our religious opinions be Catholic or Protestant—to see also for ourselves?

If there is really any meaning to Dr. McGlynn's attitude—and he is neither a fool as men go nor yet unsound in respect to the doctrine and discipline of his Church—then there have been no more important events than those in which he is now centred. The matter has gone beyond the point of being ignored. And if there should be silence or disappearance or renunciation or open resistance, then any of these things will speak an intelligible language. But at present one can only watch and question and wonder. And it may be that the next spectre Mr. George will evoke from that Phantom-Cave where he keeps his ghosts will not be Land Rights but the shadow of Loyola; and not Tenement Houses but Torquemada.

We bid you remember these things henceforth as you read our great metropolitan contemporaries. Our "country journal" is only a farthing-dip, it is true, but it can cast a ray which may avert the footstep from a danger in the dark.

Ministerial Calls.

On another page will be found a letter on the subject of Ministerial Calls, sent us by an esteemed reader. We take pleasure in printing it, because it presents very graphically, if somewhat sarcastically, one side of an important question. We wish to call attention to some points on another side.

Is there anything wrong in a minister's being influenced, in his decision concerning a change in his sphere of activity, by a team of fine horses? Decidedly not. If the Park street pastor allowed himself to be bribed into leaving a place, presenting greater opportunities of doing good, to go to a place presenting lesser opportunities, by a span of horses or any other consideration, he was unworthy to be pastor of any church. But it is not only possible but probable, that the Chicago church offered him as wide a field and enabled him to exercise as great influence as his old one. If then his duty to his profession was equally balanced as between the two churches, the old church, owing to old associations, existing friendships and local attachment exercised a strong influence tending to keep him where he was. These influences were purely of a personal nature and had nothing to do with duty. Was it not therefore

both natural, wise and proper for the Chicago people to counterbalance these personal matters, by an offer of some extra dollars, a parsonage and a span of horses? It was merely an attempt to overcome one appeal to personal comfort and enjoyment by another of the same sort.

We take it that few will be so bold as to deny that a clergyman has a right to some personal comfort as well as other people. There is little doubt that every pastor would do more and better work, if he had, at his disposal a span of fine horses, whose legs might spare his own in his pastoral work, and afterwards assist him to needed recreation. Business men, lawyers and doctors prove this every day. Unfortunately few churches feel able and willing to furnish the means to provide such assistance to their pastor, and so they uncomplainingly do the best they can without, for the good of man and the glory of God. But shall they be denied such assistance out of pure perversity? There is too much of this idea abroad in the land that all hours and dollars spent by clergymen in necessary, healthful and lawful personal recreation, is a species of robbery from the treasury of his church and the service of his Maker.

Another point and we have done. It is certainly right that a minister should live as well as the average of his congregation. It is not certain that it is not more than right—that it is necessary in order to maintain the self-respect of both pastor and people. For what a mean-spirited crew it would be, which could calmly contemplate the reverse of this! And it would be a strong-spirited man, who would not break down under such a notorious expression of the absence of sympathy and appreciation. Moreover without these existing naturally between pastor and people no church does much good in the world.

May the Chicago pastor find much innocent pleasure, behind his final amen, and may his congregation receive back a hundred fold the expense of being uttered or energized through many a pliant unnoticed social filament? Has he refreshed his memory of historical events by aid of the lurid torchlight of Eugene Sue, or the analytic intellectual flame of Wilkie Collins? In a word are we to have Luther over again, or will Father McGlynn pick up his dusty gauntlet from the political arena and go back, broken-spirited from the lists? In the United States to-day what is the cause of this hesitation? Is there anything ahead which Edward McGlynn sees and which it may be worth our own while—whether our religious opinions be Catholic or Protestant—to see also for ourselves?

If there is really any meaning to Dr. R. A. Quill, Librarian of Brown University, is writing a life of Roger Williams.

Miss Bayard Taylor promises to inherit her father's talent, but it leaves toward art. She will study this winter at Munich.

George Alfred Townsend (Gath) intends to devote half of his time to novel writing in the future.

If Lord Tennyson has any regard for his reputation as a poet, he will write no more.

A young Irish-American poet, James Jeffrey Roche, has commenced to blossom with a great deal of promise.

W. D. Howells spends the winter in Washington, in which city he expects to find new material for his books.

Robert Dick, the geologist and botanist, followed his trade as a baker through his whole life.

Coleridge was a metaphysical genius at fifteen, but never ripened into a great original thinker.

Miss Maud Melville, eldest daughter of Chief Engineer Melville, of cartie fame, is preparing for a public career as a singer.

Forty-one books written by members of the Yale Faculty have been published within the last six years.

Miss Blanche Willis Howard has given a valuable collection of books to the public library of Madison, Me.

Edmund C. Stedman, the poet, has been elected a member of the governing committee of the New York Stock Exchange.

M. de Beaufort, the editor and translator of the letters of George Sand has just finished a life of Liszt.

Miss Mary Gordon Duffie, the Georgia poet, lives a secluded and solitary life on a lonely mountain. She never makes visits and never receives visitors.

Edgar Fawcett's new novel, "The House at High Bridge," is stated to be a poor imitation of Frederick Astley's "The Giant's Robe."

John Gray, the English poet, was lazy, kindly, and uncommonly idle; rather slovenly, even eating and saying good things. A little French accent of a man, sleek, soft handed, and soft-hearted.

It is said that Mrs. James Brown Potter keeps two agents constantly employed sending paragraphs to the papers about her. She is about to publish a "Speaker."

The Authors' Club in New York City is beginning to bubble in the first stages of the fermentation induced by the Lowell-Hawthorne dispute.

Frank Stockton not only "ends a chapter with an undeveloped crisis," but ends his books in the same way, thereby laying a foundation for the sale of a "continuation."

Bret Harte is stated to be "writing away industriously" in London, and the same authority avers that he is getting to be a bigger and bigger man every day in the estimation of the English people.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who has been undergoing the ordeal of a birthday anniversary, says a man should either die at thirty, or live to be three hundred.

Mrs. Richard H. Dana and Mrs. Anna Thorpe, the daughters of the poet Longfellow, are going to build a large double house at Cambridge for their residence.

Mr. Franks defends his course in regard to his life of Carlyle, as follows: "I never wished to write it, and only undertook it at the sacrifice of all my arrangements for my future work, and of time and money which I could ill spare."

The Countess Ella will write a biography of her late husband, Dom Fernando of Portugal. She is still a remarkably handsome woman, with serious, expressive features and stately figure.

Mr. Lewis Carroll, who wrote the delightful "Alice's Adventures," proposes to give to children's hospitals in England all the profits of his new story, "Alice Under-ground." This writer's true name is Mr. C. L. Dodgson.

The "Atlantic Monthly" for March will contain the first of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' papers describing his recent trip abroad, entitled "One Hundred Days in Europe."

There was recently paid in England \$2,075 for a copy of the sermon preached by John Knox, three hundred and twenty-one years ago this August, "for the which he was in habited preaching for a season."

Mr. W. D. Howells has written for the "Youth's Companion" three charming articles, recording his early life in Ohio. It is actual experience, not fiction, and it brings out, with many exquisite touches, the life of a boy in a Western log cabin.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will shortly publish simultaneously with its publication in England, a new volume of poetry by Robert Browning entitled "Parleyings with Certain Peo- ple of Importance in Their Day."

Ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell, who had just returned to this country from France, has brought with him, it is said, a collection of rare documents relating to the history of the French Revolution, which will be of important assistance to him in the historical studies in which he is engaged.

Colonel John Hay, who with Mr. John Nicolay, has written the "Life of Lincoln," has just purchased \$200,000 worth of property in Cleveland. The land includes the homestead of Mr. W. S. Chamberlain, the father of Miss Jennie Chamberlain, who, with her mother, is now in England. It sometimes pays better to write his obituary than to be the great man himself.

Miss Jane Margaret Strickland, the only survivor of the clever family of sisters of that name, has written a memoir of Agnes Strickland, whose historical biographies, poems and novels secured her a literary reputation which still preserves interest in her name. The book will contain a great many of Agnes Strickland's letters. It is generally known that Elizabeth Strickland was a fellow-worker with her younger sister, and the parts taken by each in writing the "Lives of the Queens of Europe" are indicated in the volume. The book will be published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

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